

STORM[®]



MARVEL

PAK
BARRIONUEVO
PALMER
REDMOND

006

Thief. Goddess. Headmistress. Queen. The X-Man called STORM has always defied a single title. And her desire to better the world has never been limited to only her own kind.

STORM



PREVIOUSLY...

Mourning the death of her teammate and lover, Wolverine, Storm went to the aid of their mutual acquaintance Yukio, hoping to gain a sense of closure by concluding some of Logan's unfinished business. However, Storm was unprepared to find Yukio embroiled in the activities of warring clans in Las Vegas—clans led by longtime X-Men foe Moses Magnum, Davis Harmon of Eaglestar International Arms Manufacturing, and Kuva of the Breakworld—the tentative peace kept only through the institution of combat in an underground fight club to settle disputes. Challenged for her seat of power by Kuva, Yukio appointed the reluctant Storm as her champion. And while Storm did fight and take a beating on Yukio's behalf, Storm was crestfallen to find that Yukio had only used her as a diversion...and killed Kuva herself behind the scenes!

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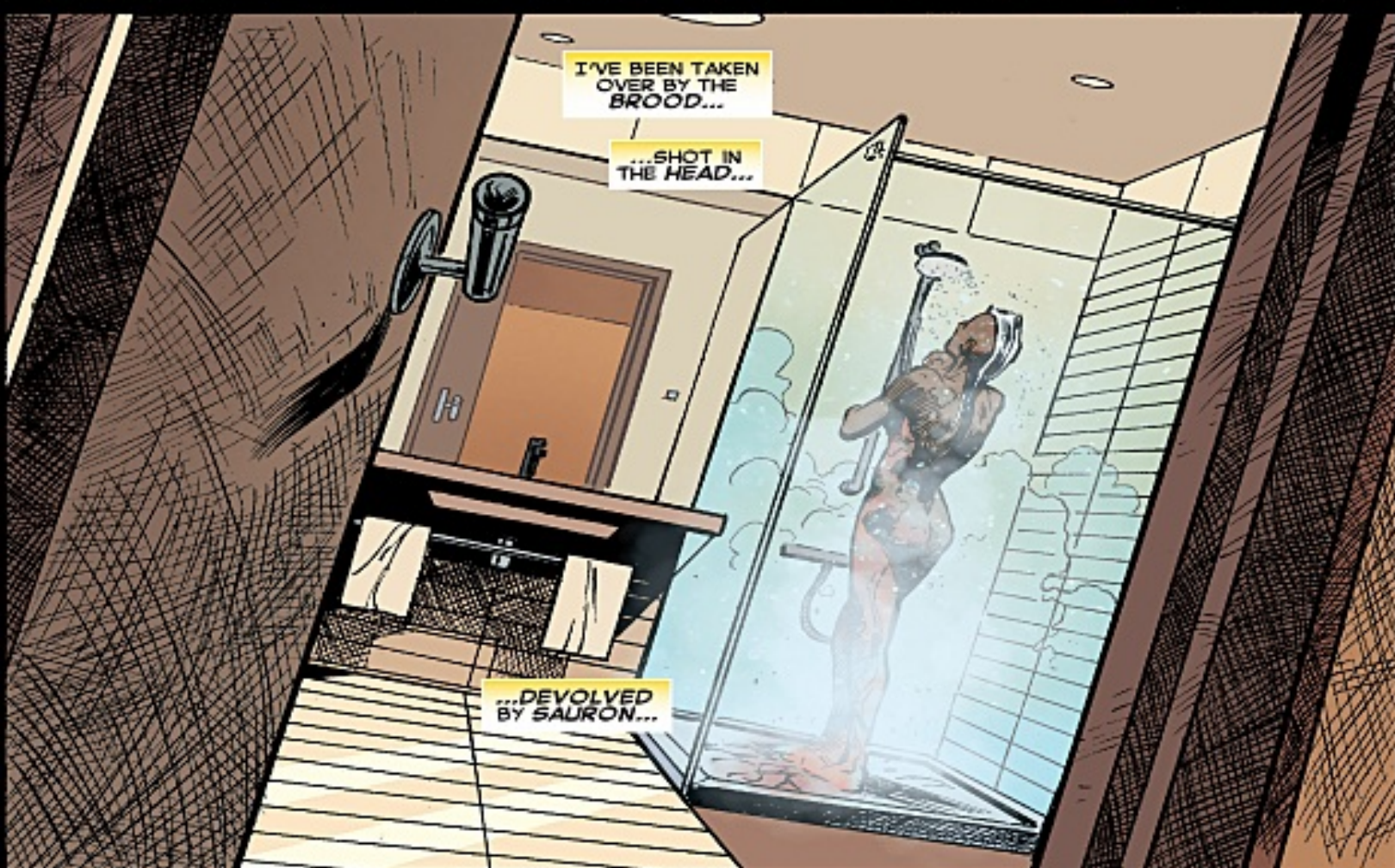
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SURE,
I'VE FELT
WORSE...



I'VE BEEN TAKEN
OVER BY THE
BROOD...

...SHOT IN
THE HEAD...

...DEVOLVED
BY SAURON...



...BUT THIS
IS BAD...

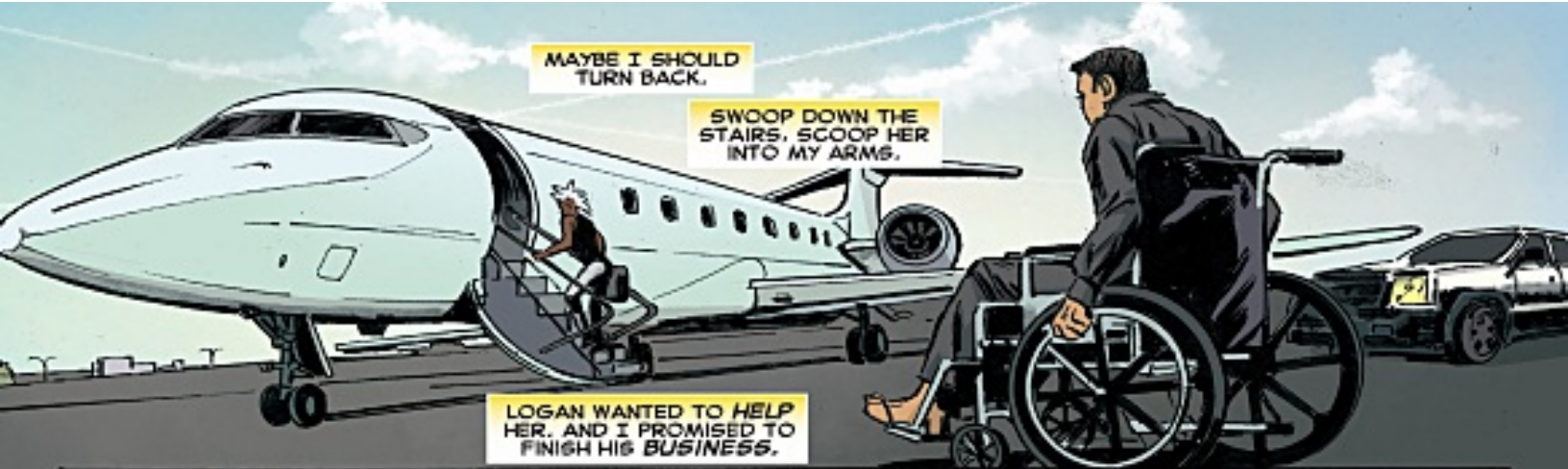
...AND I'VE
JUST GOT
MYSELF
TO BLAME.



WELL...

THAT'S NOT
ENTIRELY TRUE.





MAYBE I SHOULD
TURN BACK.

SWOOP DOWN THE
STAIRS, SCOOP HER
INTO MY ARMS.

LOGAN WANTED TO HELP
HER. AND I PROMISED TO
FINISH HIS BUSINESS.



BUT SHE JUST
WANTS TO TRICK
ME INTO FIGHTING
FOR HER CRIME
RING AGAIN.

I DID IT
ONCE.

STOPPED
A WAR.



AND I ENDED UP WITH
A BROKEN RIB AND
THREE CRACKED
BONES IN MY ANKLE.

THAT'S FINE.
PART OF
THE JOB.

WHAT
BOTHERS
ME...



...IS WHAT
SHE DID BEHIND
MY BACK.



DAMMIT,
YUKIO.

EXCUSE
ME...





WHAT'S
THE TROUBLE,
HERE, FOLKS?

THERE'S
A MUTANT
ON BOARD!

THE...THE
AFRICAN ONE!
THE ONE WHO
CONTROLS THE
WEATHER!

I DID NOT
PAY THREE
THOUSAND
DOLLARS TO
HAVE MY LIFE
ENDANGERED
BY ONE OF
THEM!



SENATOR...
MAYBE WE
SHOULD--

CALM
DOWN,
JACK.

THIS
IS STILL
AMERICA,
LAST TIME I
CHECKED. AS
LONG AS THE
CAPTAIN CAN
ASSURE US
EVERYTHING'S
OKAY...



EVERYONE
ON THIS PLANE
PASSED THE TSA
AND PRIORITY
EXEC TRANSPORT'S
MUCH MORE
STRINGENT
SECURITY
SCREENS.

AND WE'VE
GOT A KIDNEY
IN A BOX THAT NEEDS
TO BE INSIDE A KID
IN NEW YORK IN
LESS THAN NINE
HOURS.


EIGHT.

AND
THANK
YOU.



SO EVERYONE
ON THIS PLANE IS
WELCOME TO STAY
OR LEAVE AS YOU
SEE FIT.

WE'RE
LEAVING IN FIVE
MINUTES.



YOU CAN ACTUALLY
HEAR THE **THUNDER**
OVER THE JET ENGINES.

KRRRAAKOOOOM



I SWEAR
IT'S NOT ME.



WE'RE COMING UP
ON A LITTLE TURBULENCE,
FOLKS. SO PLEASE STAY
IN YOUR SEATS FOR THE
NEXT FEW MINUTES
WITH YOUR SEATBELTS
FASTENED.

OH DEAR
GOD...




IT'S JUST A
SMALL, LOCALIZED
THUNDERHEAD.



BUT WITH A LITTLE
CONCENTRATION...

...I COULD TURN
IT INTO SOMETHING
REALLY SCARY...



...OR I COULD DO
SOMETHING ELSE
ALTOGETHER.



ACTUALLY,
FOLKS...

...CANCEL
THAT.



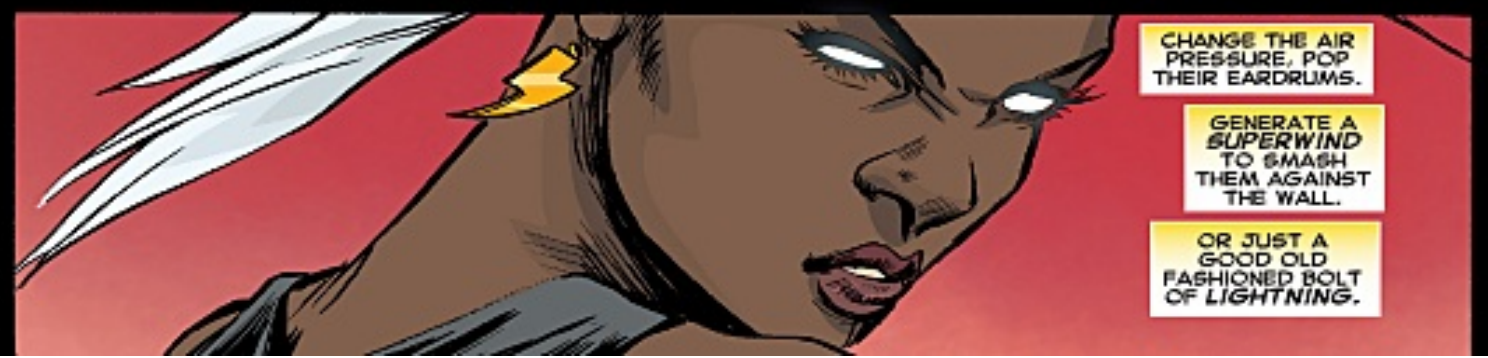
LOOKS LIKE
SOMEONE UP
HERE LIKES
US.

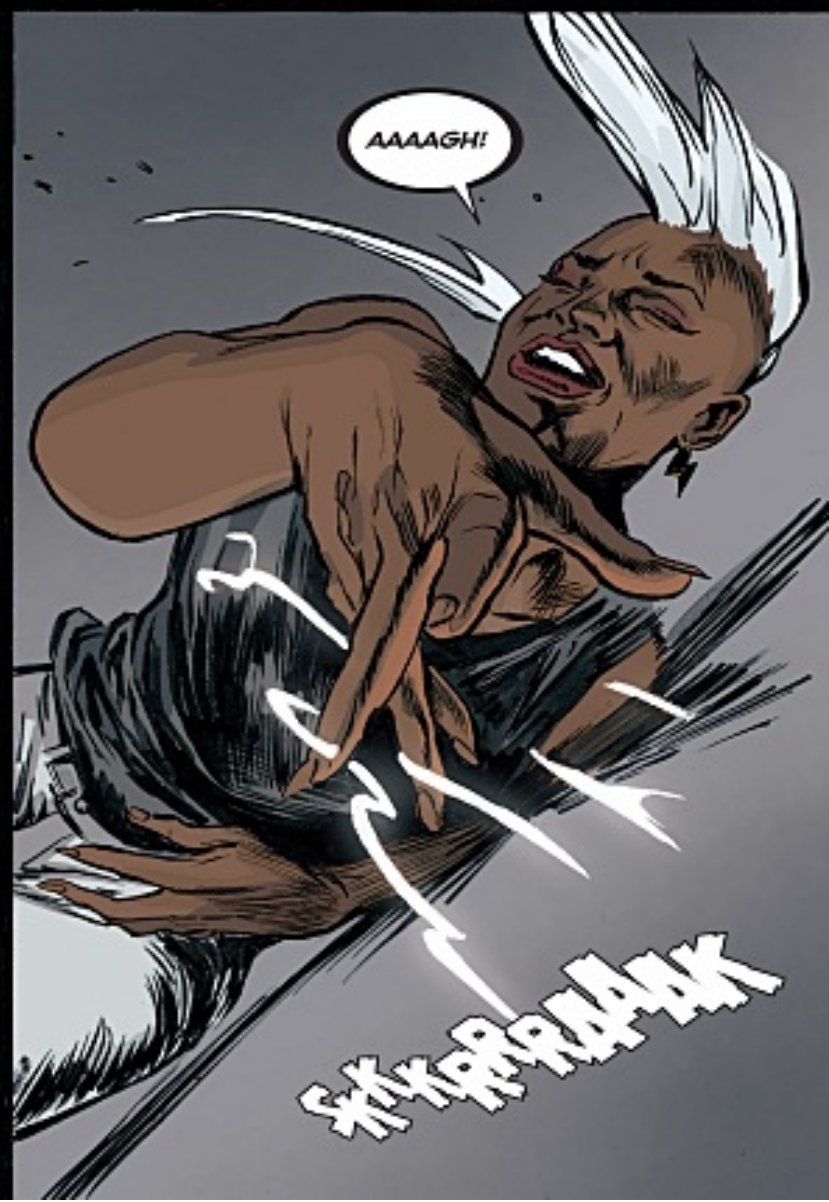


KKRAKOOOM

AAAAAGH!

A dynamic comic book illustration of a battle between several black, armored soldiers. One soldier in the foreground is firing a large gun, while others are in various combat poses. The scene is filled with smoke, fire, and falling debris. The sound effect "BRAK" is repeated multiple times in large, bold letters across the top and bottom of the image.







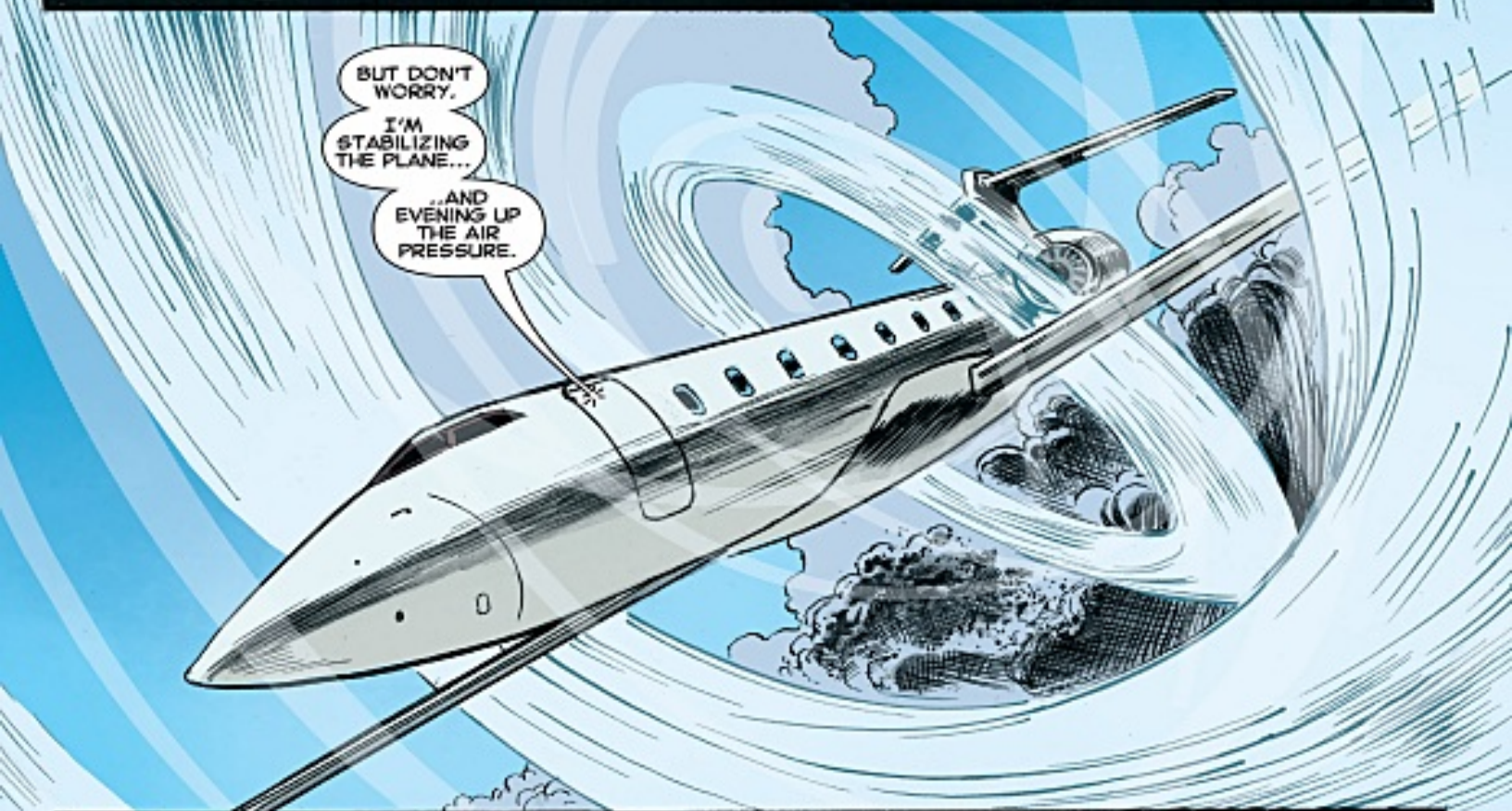


WAIT, YOU
CAN'T JUST OPEN
THE HATCH!

WE'LL BE
SUCKED OUT
THE DOOR!



I DID
SAY BUCKLE
UP.



BUT DON'T
WORRY.

I'M
STABILIZING
THE PLANE...

...AND
EVENING UP
THE AIR
PRESSURE.



THERE.

LITTLE
CHILLY.



BUT NOT
SO BAD,
RIGHT?



I ACTIVATE THE
UNSTABLE
MOLECULES IN
MY CLOTHES.
FEELS GOOD TO
BE IN UNIFORM.

BUT THEN I FEEL
THE PLANE
DROPPING OUT OF
THE SLIPSTREAM.



NO WONDER.

MY LIGHTNING
DIDN'T DO THAT--



IT WAS
THESE LITTLE
MONSTERS.



TOO CLOSE TO THE
PLANE TO HIT HIM
WITH LIGHTNING.

AND WIND IS
TOO RISKY--

--IT'S TAKING ME
EVERYTHING I'VE
GOT TO KEEP THE
PLANE IN THE AIR.

AND LET'S
FACE IT...





MILITARY
CONTRACTORS
FROM EAGLESTAR
INTERNATIONAL...

...ONE OF
YOUR RIVALS
IN THE FOUR
CLANS, YUKIO.

BUT YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO
BE AT PEACE
WITH THEM NOW.



WHY ARE
YOU DOING
THIS?



TOO MANY
BALLS IN THE
AIR, GIRL.



DAMMIT.



THE PLANE WEIGHS
A HUNDRED
THOUSAND POUNDS.

WE'RE EIGHTEEN
HUNDRED
MILES FROM
NEW YORK CITY.

MY ANKLE'S
ON FIRE.

I CAN'T FEEL
MY FOOT.

THERE'S
BLOOD IN
MY EYES.

OR INSIDE
MY EYES. I'M
NOT SURE.

THE PARAMILITARIES
ARE GONE.

THEIR JOB'S
DONE.

THEY KNOW
I CAN'T...

...CAN'T
DO THIS.

FOR A FEW
MINUTES,
MAYBE...

...BUT FOR
FIVE HOURS?



**LAGUARDIA AIRPORT,
QUEENS, NEW YORK.**





MS. MUNROE... YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED TO KNOW...



WE ACTUALLY ARRIVED TWENTY-THREE MINUTES EARLY.

HA.

YOU SAVED US ALL.



BUT MY ADVICE TO YOU RIGHT NOW...

...IS TO FLY THE HELL AWAY.



SHE ATTACKED MY GUARDS.

SHE DESTROYED THE PLANE'S ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS.

SHE KEPT US HOSTAGE IN THE AIR FOR OVER FIVE HOURS.



DON'T WORRY. I'LL TELL THEM THE TRUTH. I'VE GOT A COUSIN AT NEW YORK ONE--

THANKS.

BUT MY ADVICE TO YOU IS TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

NOW BACK AWAY BEFORE YOU GET DRAGGED INTO THIS.



ORORO MUNROE, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST.

NOW WE CAN DO THIS REAL EASY AND NO ONE GETS HURT.

I COULD TAKE THEM OUT IN A SECOND.

AIR PRESSURE... WIND...LIGHTNING.



BUT WE JUST CARRIED A PLANE ACROSS THE COUNTRY. DIDN'T WE, BRIGHT LADY?

AND NOW THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO SAVE...

OH--



...BUT ME.

**TO BE
CONTINUED!**





EMPIRE